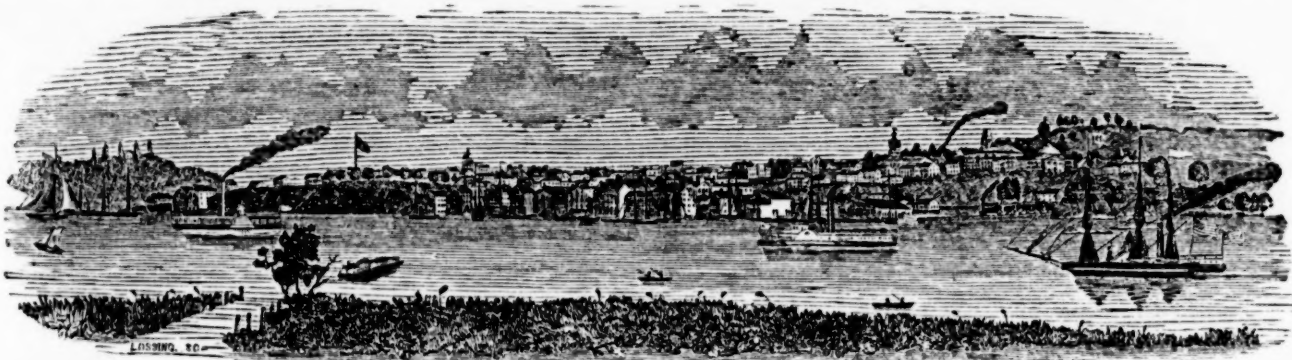


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TALES.

THE SILVER BOTTLE:

OR

The Adventures of "Little Marlboro" in Search of His Fortune.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Written for the "Uncle Sam" by PROFESSOR INGRAHAM, author of "The Quadroon," "Lafitte," "The Dancing Feather," &c.

CHAPTER VI.

My name causes remark, but Dame Darwell explains and satisfies curiosity.—Aunt Keezy and cousin Mariah conspire against me, and open war is declared between us.—My victory and Emma Field.—A battle.—A new and painful view of my position.

The oddity of the name by which good Dame Darwell had had me christened, created not a little curiosity and amazement; but when the worthy hostess explained to inquirers how the caps had come wrapped up in the piece of music called "Little Marlboro," they one and all agreed with her in the propriety of bestowing upon me a name, which Providence seemed in a particular manner to have designated as that which should belong to me.

Such, then, as I have narrated in the foregoing chapter was the manner, not of my birth exactly, for that remains still an impenetrable mystery, but of my appearance! From that time Dame Darwell became a mother to me. She never failed to have me dressed in my best "bib and tucker" when any of the more respectable order of her guests arrived and brought into the room; when she began to relate my history, a thing she was very fond of doing. In this manner I soon got to be quite a hero before I was one year old; and Dame Darwell always ended her narrative with the assertion of her firm belief that I should turn out to be some great personage yet, and she hoped to live to see the day when I should ride in my state-carriage. She never failed to declare her intention of making me her heir, which assurance did not tend to elevate me very greatly in the affections of "aunt Keezy" and "cousin Mariah." These two personages soon began to regard me with the most decided demonstrations of hostility, and to look upon me as a little heathen that had surreptitiously crept in between them and the twelve thousand dollars at which Dame Darwell's fortune was estimated. But their fears of the good dame prevented

them from openly exhibiting their malevolence; though they did not fail to put their heads together against me when alone, and plot how they should get me out of the way without absolutely putting poison into my milk. But their conspiracies did not, it would seem, arrive at any positive head inasmuch as I reached my seventh year alone, hale and thriving as any urchin in all those parts. I can, however, distinctly recollect sundry private administered pinches and ear-pullings from these two ladies whenever they would meet me in the passage, or ever be alone with me; which led me to take a very decided dislike to their society, a disposition I was by no means backward in manifesting. I was too spirited even at seven years to complain to Dame Darwell of their persecutions, but used to retaliate in my own way. I took pitch and with it fastened nut shells on aunt Keezy's cat, and turned her into their bed room at night, where her clattering footsteps up and down the floor terrified them out of their wits; and Dame Darwell used to laugh while they cried, for the good dame in the first never thought any thing I did was wrong; and in the second place she well knew their dislike of me, and connived at any tricks I saw fit to play upon them. I would resent "cousin Mariah's" treatment by putting honey on a stick and bringing into the house a cloud of bee's and wasp's of which she stood in the greatest terror, and at the sight of which she would drop every thing and run screaming to shut herself up. I put bees under her dinner plate and hornets in the lining of her bonnet. One Sunday at church she heard a well known buzzing and angry humming in the crown of her bonnet. In such cases cousin Mariah lost all presence of mind. She did so now! She jumped up in her pew, tore off her bonnet, snapping the strings and flinging it into the aisle uttered a shriek that paralysed every body in the meeting-house.

I may be censured as cruel and unfeeling. But that very morning she had pinched my ear till the blood came without any provocation, and daily the two were exercising their wits to annoy me and give me pain, well knowing I would not complain to Dame Darwell; who, had she known what I endured from their malice, would have sent them both away from beneath her roof. Thus was I under the necessity of defending myself. I early

learned to regard them as my natural enemies; but I will say that in all my resentment, my revenge was without malice and often playful though severe. In my seventh year I was sent to the village school, having already been previously taught to read fluently by my more than mother. From this time up to my twelfth year nothing of importance occurred to vary the monotony of a school boy's life. I had studied hard and improved all the privileges good Dame Darwell conferred upon me. Perhaps, however, it will be more modest to speak in the third person of my accomplishments at this period, and use Dame Darwell's words, as she spoke of me to the chief Justice who stopped at the Inn.

"He is now twelve or thereabouts, your worship, but you know as he came to me so singular I don't know what his birth day is, and so I always keeps that I discovered him on. He is the most affectionate and generous boy you ever saw. He loves me with all his heart and returns my affection with as much fondness as if I were his own mother. He has grown so tall and handsome with large, sparkling hazel eyes, brown curly hair, and such a pleasant voice and smile. I never hear him speak but I don't think of his mother's; for it sounds just like it.—He has his father's forehead and eye, and I think will be tall like him, but he'll make a handsomer man, I think. He studies so hard too! He is at the head of all his classes in Latin and Greek, (for you know I send him to the Academy now) and has got through Ceesy's Commandment's and Vigil's Enidy."

"Cesar's Commentaries and Virgil's Æneid, you probably mean, madam," politely observed the chief Justice.

Up to this time the course of my life had been smooth and happy. My little warfare with cousin Mariah and aunt Keezy had only given zest to my existence without in any degree affecting my tranquillity. Dame Darwell did me justice in saying that I fondly returned her affection. I well knew the history of my life from her lips; and many is the hour I have sat at her knee and heard her tell about my father and mother—mysterious persons to my youthful imagination. I felt all my obligations to her, and loved her not only from gratitude, but for herself. I tried hard by close application to my books to make her some return for her kindness.

for I knew that every medal, every honor I obtained would gladden her heart.

But there was now a change to pass over the hitherto unruffled surface of my existence. I had at school become the rival both in Latin and love of the only son of a physician of the town; a lad who prided himself on his father's wealth and respectability, and who, thereupon assumed a superiority, over those boys whose parents did not move in the same exclusive set with his. He was a good scholar and a youth of good deal of cleverness; and no doubt would have been a favorite but for his insufferable arrogance. This feeling he did not hesitate to show at any time, and on every occasion. If he was talking with one whom he considered his equal, and I or any lad whom he did not regard as such should approach he would immediately turn his back and walk away. This conduct amused me and excited only pity. I did not seek his acquaintance, however, and we seldom spoke. There chanced, at length, to be an exhibition and a competition for Latin prizes. I feared only him and he feared only me. We both struggled hard! I did my best, resolved to punish him by getting the victory! I succeeded.

As I left the Academy a lovely little girl of eleven years came up to me with a bright smile and holding out a bouquet. I knew her name to be Emma Field, for I had often seen her pass on her way to a boarding school near, though I had never spoken with her. Yet her sweet image had made a deep impression upon me, and I never passed her without colouring deeper (young as we both were) and without seeing her beautiful face all that day mingling like sunshine with my Latin verbs. I had several times seen Russel Carryl join her and walk with her and felt a rising emotion of cordial antipathy to him for that very circumstance. Emma Field came from Boston, and belonged I was told to one of the most wealthy and aristocratic families in that city of wealth and olden lineages.

As she approached me, I felt my face glow and expressed a mixed sensation of timidity and delight; for her eye was upon me and her smile was directed towards me.

"Here, master Marlboro'," she said in a voice as musical as a robin red breast's, at the same time presenting me with the bunch of flowers: "here is a bouquet I gathered expressly for Russel Carryl, because I expected he would gain the medal; and as I gathered it and brought it on purpose to present to the victor, you and not he are the one entitled to it. Will you please except it?"

This was spoken with such grace, such sweet propriety of manner, and the flowers were proffered with so frank and gracious a mien that I was both charmed and bewildered. I hardly knew where I was, and stammering out some clumsy reply and blushing up to the eyes, I received from her the bouquet and placed it in my vest.

"There, sir Russel Carryl," she cried, laughing and turning towards this personage whom she had passed by to reach me, and who saw the act; "I gathered that beautiful bunch of flowers to bring to the exhibition to give to you, because you told me you were to be the victor; and only because I expected you to win the prize did I promise it to you. But as you have lost I have it bestowed upon the winner!"

Thus speaking she bowed and laughed, nodded to me and bounded away to join a group of her

school-mates who with their governess had walked from the Boarding school a mile distant to witness the exhibition. As soon as she had turned away leaving my heart bounding wildly and full of sweet joy (for I then, with hundreds of other school boys of the same age, felt the first delightful emotions of that sensation which a few years later I knew to be love) I could not help glancing with a triumph in my looks I did not wish to conceal towards Russel Carryl. He was glaring on me with a scowl of hatred and defiance. No sooner did he catch the exulting expression of my eye, than he came up to me, and said in an imperious tone,

"Give me that bouquet, sirrah?"

"It is mine," I answered with a smile. "If you wish it you will have take it from me, for I shall not resign it!"

He clenched his fist and cried,

"Give it to me or I will knock you down."

I knew him to be as courageous as he was proud and vain, and that he would not hesitate to make the effort to do what he threatened. He was a year older but no taller than I. I had never tried my strength or skill with him, but I felt all at once a disposition to do so.

"I shall not take a blow from you," I answered very positively.

He looked steadily in my face a moment, and then with a sudden movement of his hand snatched the bouquet from my vest. I instantly struck him a blow in the left temple and he reeled. But he recovered himself enough to dash the bunch of flowers to the earth and grind them into the ground with his heel. This act called forth all my indignation. I attacked him with well-directed blows, which he met with courage and returned with no little skill. For at least ten or fifteen minutes we fought there on the green surrounded by a ring of boys, and both excited by as determined a spirit of rivalry in love as ever inspires the breasts of two rival knight's errant. It was a drawn battle, for seeing the Preceptor and one of the tutors coming we ceased. Seeing that the battle had terminated the teachers passed on their way without approaching nearer. Russel Carryl picked up his hat and was instantly surrounded by a party of his fellow "aristocrats" who were loud in their expressions of resentment against me; for he had a black eye and was bleeding freely at the nose, while I had not received a single mark.

I was also surrounded by a party of my friends who were rejoicing in my success.

"I wouldn't have fought with such a low fellow," said one of the aristocratic consolars to my wounded antagonist.

"He is only a tavern keeper's boy," said another.

"I wouldn't have fought with the bastard," said Russel Carryl! "But the fellow dared to carry in his bosom the flowers she had given him."

Had I heard aright? All the blood in my heart rushed to my brain! I walked firmly up to him and fixing my eyes upon his, I said,

"What term was that you applied to me, Russel Carryl?"

He hesitated a moment and then answered boldly,

"I said that you were a bastard!"

My hand was clenched to strike him to the ground. But suddenly the mystery hanging around my birth rushed full upon my mind! My fears seemed painfully to whisper that he might have spoken the truth. My clenched hand relaxed. I

felt my bosom bursting with my feeling. I made no answer. I opened not my pale and trembling lips; but turning away I walked homeward at a rapid step, which under the increasing excitement of my wounded and insulted feelings, soon increased into a run. I had gone but a few steps before they began shouting after me and calling me boldly by that epithet of infamy, and even some of the boys of my own party I heard taking up the cry. Such is human nature whether manifesting itself in the boy of twelve or the man of mature years. On reaching the Inn which had been the only home I had ever known, I threw myself into the arms of Dame Darwell weeping as if my heart would burst and poured into her maternal ears the bitterness of my young soul. She was indignant, and ventured her anger in no measured words; and did all she could to soothe me, by assuring me that she was as certain that my father and mother, whoever they were, were as much husband and wife, as she and George Darwell had been. I listened to her reasons for believing this and became calmer. But I firmly refused to go back to that school again. This weakness the kind woman indulged me in, and in a few days afterwards sent me into Boston to the Latin School in School street, with the arrangement that I should come out every Saturday and return every Monday.

CHAPTER VII.

The green silk purse.—I enter at Harvard.—My meeting with Russel Carryl.—The effect of my misadventure.—A sudden change in the bearing of my classmates.—Henry Sanford calls on me.—My determination.—The mid-shipman's warrant arrives.

I remained at the Latin School two years, during which time I was fitted for the Sophomore class at Cambridge. I had left behind me in the village the mystery touching my birth, and the name of 'Little Marlboro'; passing for the son of Dame Darwell, under the name of Marlboro' Darwell. By this name I was now known. Yet not a day passed while I was at the Latin School that I did not labor under a nervous apprehension that the secret should be discovered, and that the epithet I had heard applied to me by Russel Carryl would be repeated. But during the two years I was known only as Marlboro' Darwell, and not even suspected of being other than the son of Mrs. Darwell. At length as I have said, I was fitted for the university and returned to the Inn and to my more than mother. Noble woman! How my heart fills while I speak of thee and recall thy goodness to me! During the two years I was at the Latin School she liberally supplied me with money, a liberty I never abused; and clothed me very handsomely. Twice during those two years I had met Emma Field. The first time was in Washington street, directly opposite the old South. I was going to school with my green satchel over my shoulder as she was tripping along with a little green silk purse in her hand. She knew me as quickly as I recognised her and smiled, and stopped. I myself was passing by, blushing, for I would not have been so bold as to have spoken to her first for the world.

"So you've come to Boston to school, Master Marlboro'," she said in a voice whose sweet tones I had never forgotten.

"Yes," I stammered out confusedly.

"I am sorry my little bunch of roses should have caused such a battle between that quick Russel Carryl and you. I heard of it; he told me all about it, and how he tore the bouquet from you and trampled on it. I was very angry with him

and told him I was, and said that it was a very ungentlemanly act. We are not friends now on account of it.—Will you take this little green purse instead of the bouquet. I netted it myself. There is no money in it, for I have just spent my last penny, but I know you will value it, you fought so bravely for the bouquet!"

This was spoken with a *nairete* I am unable to describe. Her manner was frank, friendly and more like that of a sister or cousin than a stranger whom I had never spoken to but once before. I took the purse and thanked her with a flow of glowing words, not one of which can I now remember. Indeed I could not have told five minutes afterwards what I said. I only recollect that she smiled, bowed and the next moment was tripping away. I was only recalled to consciousness by one of my class-mates asking me "if I had found a purse?" I hastily thrust it into my pocket and making some embarrassed answer, joined him and went towards the school.

The second time I met her was full a year afterwards and only a few days before I was to leave school and return home. I was passing down Beacon street and saw her at a window. She recognised me, waved her hand, bowed, smiled, and then disappeared. My heart fluttered for twenty-four hours afterwards, and her image was constantly present to my mind. I saw that she had grown taller and more lovely, if possible, for she was now full fourteen, I being now in my fifteenth year. The evening before I was to quit Boston I walked down and up Beacon street several times in the hope of once more seeing her at the window; but in vain. I was forced to leave town without obtaining sight of her.

On reaching the Inn, and there talking over with the good Dame Darwell my future plans, she told me it was her wish that I should enter at Harvard and after that become a lawyer; for the worthy hostess had a great reverence for legal gentlemen, and considered a Judge the greatest personage on earth next to a King. I had, however, no fancy for the law; though I had no objection to the collegiate course, for I had a passion for study. My prepossessions were for the sea, and to enter the navy was my ambition. This I knew, Dame Darwell was not ignorant of; and I therefore did not hesitate to mention it now. She answered by speaking of the honors and emolument that the bar would give me, and by commenting upon the perils of the sea.

"I want you, my son," as she always called me, "I want you to be a respectable and an honored man. I have money enough to pay your way handsomely to the law, and it will give me a pleasure to spend the last cent I have for your benefit. But I also want to have you happy. Now if you prefer the sea why I won't oppose it, especially if your heart is set on it. I would rather have you here where I can see you every week, for you know you are the same to me as my son, and are all my dependence. But then dear boy, I don't want to have you do what you have no liking for. I would rather make a sacrifice myself than you should be disappointed where you've set your heart."

Thus did the good lady discourse with me upon the subject; and as I had certainly a dislike to the law and a decided partiality for the sea, we compromised matters by my promising that I would pass through college and then, if I could overcome my prejudice against the law, I would study it;

if not, I would go into the navy, if I could get the midshipman's warrant. This, she said, she knew could easily be obtained by her influence with Judge —, the Senator, who had for twenty years put up in traveling at her house. On leaving College I should be but eighteen, full young enough for a middy, and with the advantage of a superior education. Secretly I resolved I would enter the navy when I graduated, for I felt I could never overcome my repugnance to the bar.

This matter being amicably adjusted I was in due time admitted to the Sophomore class at Cambridge. I passed my examination with honor and saw, with gratification, that I had made a favorable impression upon the examining professors. Dame Darwell had my chambers furnished in a very handsome manner, and in point of dress and personal comfort I was not inferior to the wealthiest in College. I had returned home after my examination to pass the time before the term commenced, when I punctually made my appearance at Harvard and reported myself. As I was descending the stairs of my tutor's room I encountered a fashionably dressed youth ascending.—Our eyes met and there was an instantaneous recognition. It was Russel Carryl! We had not crossed each other's paths since the affair of the bouquet nearly three years before. I met his glance tranquilly but firmly. His eyes flashed hatred and defiance. He was passing me with a haughty air, when I impulsively caught his arm and held him. The sight of him there filled me with an instant consciousness that he would endeavor to cast a cloud of infamy, if in his power around my way through College. I shrunk at the idea. I was sensitive on the point of my mysterious infamy; and recoiled at the thought of being branded with the epithet he had once before used in connection with my name.

"Russel Carryl, I have a word to say to you!" I said in a deep tone.

The halls were deserted as were all of the rooms on that floor, none of the occupants having yet returned from their vacation. I did not fear interruption or of being overheard.

"What do you mean?" he asked turning pale.

"I mean this, sir!" I replied resolutely. "You, once applied an epithet to me, which I did not resent. I have not forgotten it! Dare, while in the university to breathe it to a human ear, or hint it, and I swear that I will take your cowardly life! I will seek you out till I avenge myself. I am here a student and mean to remain here. If you whisper ought that shall bring infamy upon my name that hour you have to die! My character is as dear to me as life can be to you. I balance one against the other! Now, remember, sir, if the story get abroad, I shall hold you accountable—for it will assuredly come from you!"

Thus speaking I released him and descended the stairs and sought my chamber, which I paced to and fro for many hours, trembling lest the disgraceful term I had once had applied to me should follow me to the walls of the university. I hoped however, much from the bold and determined position I had in the outset assumed with reference to the only enemy I had, who had the will and the power to injure me. I knew that Carryl would have got a story circulating at once if I had not threatened him, and that he could now do no more; and I had a pretty strong confidence in having intimidated him.—The result showed that I was not in error. He remained in College a year, during

which time, though we daily met, we never spoke; and during this period I had no reason, from the manner of the students towards me, to suspect they had ever heard the disgraceful term I so dreaded coupled with my name. But after two years residence in college, Russel Carryl was expelled for a gross misdemeanor, and soon after went to New Orleans. He had not been absent but a few weeks before I discovered a marked change in the conduct and bearing of many of the students on whom I had been on terms of intimacy. Some of them openly avoided me, and others coldly acknowledged my salute. Sensitive and alive to suspicions touching the point nearest my feelings, I began to suspect that my name had at last got to be coupled with an infamous epithet. My suspicions were at length confirmed, for I was getting feverish and in constant mental agony under the insulting bearing of my class mates, who did not hesitate openly to shun me, by seeing after coming from recitation, the word "Bastard," written in chalk, upon my door!

It would be impossible for me to express my feelings on seeing this fearful word! It at once explained all the cold looks, the open insults, the scornful laughs and jeering gestures I had been for some days the subject of! I entered my room and locked the door. I threw myself into a chair; but instantly rose, for my brain was on fire and I could not be tranquil! For a little while I was perfectly insane under the rush of emotions that overwhelmed me! All that I had feared had at last come upon me! and at a time too when I was winning golden honors in the very front of my class. In a few months longer I was to graduate, and common fame had already awarded to me the highest honor. All these high hopes were at once crushed!

I at length became calmer and was able to reason and reflect upon what had happened. I felt that the degrading light in which I was now regarded was owing to no act of mine! I felt the proud consciousness of innocence. But this was not enough to sustain me against the prejudices and malice of those with whom I was daily thrown into contact. I knew that I was looked upon as a degraded thing; and that from that day, if I remained in college my path would be a solitary one! I should be the mark for the finger of scorn and buffoonery, and shunned and despised! The thought was madness. I could not endure it for an instant. My proud spirit rebelled and my wounded heart shrunk at the contemplation.

"No," said I "my course is decided! I leave College this very hour never more to return! I will fly from the ignominy that surrounds my name."

I had one friend in College whom I greatly esteemed for the purity of his heart and the strong wisdom of his cultivated mind. He was the son of a country clergyman, and a beneficiary. We were intimate, and he was the only person I had ever made the confidant of the mystery which surrounded my infamy. This knowledge endeared me to him still more; and he truly loved me. He had few associates, for he was poor and a charity student. This led me first to notice him, and to seek his acquaintance.—His name was Henry Seaford. While I was uttering my determination he knocked at the door. I knew his knock and opened it to him. He entered and sat down. I saw he was deeply moved.

"You have seen what is written on my door?" I almost sternly demanded.

"Yes, Marlboro'. It was a cruel and unfeeling act. I heard you walking overhead (his room was under mine) and knew something had greatly agitated you. I came up to see, half suspecting the cause, when I saw the writing on your door.—The infamous thing has been whispered about some days, but I only learned it this morning!"

"I have felt a change in the manner of many towards me for the week past and suspected the cause," I said bitterly. "I thank the hand that wrote that on the door, it has relieved my mind and led me to adopt a course of action. I leave Cambridge this evening!"

My friend would have dissuaded me from this step, but finally yielded to my mode of reasoning and acknowledged I could not remain, and be happy. He then told me that the report had been started by means of Russel Carryl who, before sailing from Boston had written a note to one of the class, stating that he well knew me when a boy at school and that I was there well known to be the illegitimate son of Mrs. Darwell who kept the Silver Bottle Inn. On hearing this I could hardly restrain indignant tears. I forgot myself in the injury thus done that noble hearted woman! Seaford sympathised with me fully, but could afford me no consolation. I could neither prove my birth nor disprove the charge, and I resolved at once to leave. I presented Seaford with all my books, furniture and bedding, embraced him warmly and took the stage that very evening for home, leaving a note with Seaford to give to the President, in which I briefly stated that circumstances had rendered it necessary for me to take up my connections with the College.

That night I mingled my griefs and angry feelings with the gentle words of comfort and hope with which the good Dame Darwell strove to heal my wounded spirit.

The next day application was made by the benevolent woman to Judge —— in my behalf. He at once wrote on to Washington; and after waiting but three months I was so fortunate as to receive an appointment accompanied with an order to join the sloop of war Lexington at Norfolk.

CHAPTER VIII.

Prepare to join my ship.—The conspiracy of cousin Mariah against the Parson.—Its success.—My departure.—A cruise.—I pass my examination as Passed Midshipman.—The supper.—The insult and my resentment.

When the hour came for my departure to join my ship, my heart was oppressed with sadness and regret at the idea of parting with that noble hearted woman who had been to me more than a mother.—To her the prospect of parting with me for a period perhaps of three years, was an event of the deepest sorrow. Yet she felt that it was best for me to depart; that it was necessary I should go forth into the world; and that on board ship I should be secure from the fears which had harassed me touching the ignominy which had been charged upon my birth. For my sake she tried to suppress her overwhelming emotion, and to assume a degree of cheerfulness she was far from feeling.

Dame Darwell at this time was just past her forty-seventh year, and still retained traces of that rustic beauty which had captivated the heart of George Darwell. Her eye was still dark and lively, her smile full of sweetness and her step light and buoyant, though she had got to be something fleshy. Her attachment and devotion to me seemed to increase with her years and my difficulties, and in parting with her I felt I was about to rend myself.

Aunt Keezy, who was now a thin, prim, spectated old lady of sixty one, having thus far in vain tried to outlive the good dame, professed a great deal of hypocritical sorrow for my departure; though I well knew in her withered old heart she was praying I might never return to rob her of Dame Darwell's loaves and fishes, which she was clinging to life with the hope yet to enjoy. Cousin Mariah was not at home now. This discreet maiden seeing that Dame Darwell grew each year more hale and hearty and that I had escaped the croup, scarlet fever, rash, measles and mumps, and promised to live out my full years, resolved to commit matrimony. For this purpose she set her cap for the minister, a slovenly bachelor, who had succeeded the Rev. Dr. who had officiated at my baptism. The minister came to the Silver Bottle to board, and this circumstance inspired cousin Mariah with the idea of laying siege to his heart. The lady in question was about nine and thirty, tall and slender, strait and thin, innocent of bust or bustle. She had sandy brown hair which she always wore in two bunches of frizzled curls on each temple. Her ears were very large and cartilaginous; her eyes a pale blue; her nose inclined to turn up and the corners of her mouth down. She was remarkably plain altogether, with a visage that seldom relaxed with a smile, but on the contrary expressed habitual discontent. Such were the besieging forces that were contemplating an assault upon the solitary stronghold of celibacy within which Parson Buckhorn had entrenched himself. The parson was about forty-four, six feet one inch high, loosely jointed and hugely ungainly. He wore sheep skin slippers and a tattered morning gown, spectacles and a short pipe; for the latter was so constantly in his mouth it may be reckoned among his attire.

Cousin Mariah began by a series of little attentions. She darned his hose; she starched his cravats; she burnt out his pipe; she patched his gown; she kneeed his pantaloons and elbowed his coat; she brought him hot water to shave and brushed his hat and coat! In a word the designing maiden managed to make herself so useful to him that he was dependent on her for every thing. Dame Darwell saw the game and winked at it; for she was nothing loth that the minister should take her off her hands; for cousin Mariah wasn't the pleasantest tempered person to live with in the world. After, she had got the good man as dependant upon her as a child, she suddenly took it into her head to make a visit of a few days to a distant relation. This was her *coup de main*! The poor minister was utterly lost. He had no one to darn his hose, to starch his cravat, to fill his pipe, to knee his trowsers and elbow his coat, to get hot water for him to shave with and brush his hat! He was completely lost. She had well played her part.

"Good Mistress Darwell, when is your cousin to return?" said the poor ensnared minister the second morning after her departure.

"She may be gone three or four weeks, perhaps longer. I shouldn't wonder if she should get a husband there and stay away altogether!" said Dame Darwell mischievously.

"Impossible! it can't be!" said the good man; and then he filled his pipe and tried to console himself smoking. But it would not do. He became restless and impatient; lost his appetite; forgot his sermons, and altogether showed the symptoms of a bachelor bewitched. Seeing affairs

in this condition the good Dame thought it best to send for cousin Mariah, whom, as I have said, she was secretly favoring and encouraging in her hymeneal conspiracy. On the fifth day cousin Mariah returned, and, to make an end of my story, in ten days afterwards they were published and in due time married, greatly to the joy of the good dame. It was not a part of my foster mother to let cousin Mariah live with her now she was married; and so giving her a handsome wedding of fifteen hundred dollars, she assisted them in going to housekeeping; and at the time of my departure they were living in a comfortable dwelling at the other end of the town. Cousin Mariah had been six years a wife but not a mother.

As the stage came up to the door to take me from the roof which had been all my life my maternal home, the minister and cousin Mariah appeared to bid me farewell. The good man gave me good council and his blessing, and cousin Mariah said she hoped I should do credit to her and her cousin and all the relations, considering "as I had no relations of my own to do credit to!" I was in no mood at such a moment to resent her malicious reflections upon my unfortunate infancy, being too much oppressed by the open grief and fast flowing tears of my beloved foster-mother. Closely she pressed me to her benevolent heart, prayed Heaven to protect me and in safety return me to her arms.

The coachman had secured my baggage and sprung to his box. I embraced her tenderly and sprung into the coach. The next moment I was borne rapidly away from the home of my childhood, from the only true friend I could trust on earth, and fairly launched on the wide world of action, trials and struggles.

I was now eighteen, tall and well formed, and as dear Dame Darwell used to say, "with fine hazel eyes and rich brown hair; a handsome nose and mouth with a complexion inclined to brunette. The change of scenery soon divested my mind in a measure from the burden of parting sorrow, and I became more tranquil and capable of reflection.

I felt I was now truly alone in the world! I did not know that a kindred drop of my blood flowed in the veins of any human being. I could call no one father, mother, sister, brother, or cousin or kindred. I knew not even my name. These reflections came full upon my mind and I gave the rein to the idea and emotions they suggested. From my boyhood, from the time that I had first heard from the lips of Russel Carryl the approbrious epithet of "Bastard" applied to me, I had felt a feverish, restless, growing desire to learn who my parents were! I panted to unfold the mystery—to learn the *truth*! This ever-living desire mingled even in my dreams; and many and many a night have I dreamed I saw my mother and father!—she pale and beautiful, weeping and clad in deep mourning; he tall, noble in person and with a countenance bold yet pleasing. But I knew these were only the visions of memory recalling in sleep the descriptions of good Dame Darwell. But once, and the very night I left Cambridge, I had a dream that made a deep impression upon my mind, and which yet gives a complexion to the future whenever I look forward to it. I fell asleep dwelling painfully upon my disgrace, and the curse of man that seemed to destined follow me, and cast a cloud over all the brightest prospects of my life. I dreamt that I was standing in front of a stately gateway over which was an escutcheon on which was an

eagle trampling upon a serpent. I stood gazing upon it, I remember, trying to recall where I had seen it before. While doing so a man dressed in black came to the gate and invited me with great respect and reverence in his manner to enter, at the same time holding open the gate with one hand. I passed in and found myself in an avenue lined with noble trees of great antiquity. It led to a beautiful edifice that seemed to me to be a palace. This man led me and ushered me up the steps of the magnificent portico into a hall of great size and beauty. On the wall at the extremity I saw a bass-relief in green marble of an eagle with his claw upon the head of a serpent. While I was looking at it and wonder and trying to recall what connection that eagle and serpent had with something which seemed to weigh upon my memory, but which I could not recall, a double door was thrown open beneath the marble escutcheon and two ushers coming forth bowed to me and then pointed forward through the door. I advanced and entered a circular apartment of great splendor. It was hung with tapestry worked in gold thread. At its extremity on a sumptuous couch reclined a female form. By her side kneeled the figure of a man. I approached them. The female was dead. He was gazing with tears upon her cold features. She was about forty with a profile of exquisite beauty and a heavenly expression still resting upon her mouth. I involuntarily knelt on the opposite side of the couch. The gentleman, who was a noble looking man of about fifty, looked up and gazing on me tenderly and without any surprise said,

"You have come too late, my son!—The spirit has just flown!"

I gazed upon her! I knew that it was my mother, and casting myself upon the body I wept. I awoke! My cheeks were bathed in tears; and a sadness lay heavily at my heart. The dream made a deep and singular impression upon me! It has given a tinge of melancholy to all my thoughts of my parents, while it has led me to believe that I shall never again behold them living; that I shall go down to the grave without ever knowing to whom I owe my being.

I reached Norfolk in time to join my ship. In a few days we put to sea, and I entered with zeal and alacrity upon my duties. Our destination was the Mediterranean. After cruising in those agreeable latitudes for a few months, I joined the North Carolina 71, and after a cruise of three years returned to the United States. I did not delay an hour in New-York but at once hastened to my foster-mother, who had regularly written to me, and whom I now found perfectly well, and now that I had returned perfectly happy. Aunt Keczy met me with a warm welcome, but cousin Mariah looked as if she were sorry I was not safe in the bottom of the sea. This feeling doubtless had its origin in the fact of her having presented the good parson a little pug-nosed baby boy, whom she had christened George Darwell, and in whose way she felt I stood.

I had now acquired a good knowledge of seamanship and was so fortunate as to be ordered to Philadelphia to prepare for examination. While there I devoted myself wholly to study and passed the ordeal midshipman so much dread not only without difficulty but with flattering commendations from the Board of Examiners. Up to this time from the hour of my entering the navy nothing had transpired that could lead me to believe that the mystery of my birth was known to my fellow officers.

But the evening of the day on which I passed my examination showed me that I had not been forgotten by my implacable enemy Russel Carryl. The "Passed" Midshipmen partook of a supper. I was of the party. There was also present a midshipman who for some reason or other had taken a dislike to me. He had passed with difficulty and I had answered invariably every question in which he had failed. This irritated him, I saw at the time. At the supper, observing he looked at me from time to time with a clouded brow, I felt a disposition to conciliate him and said pleasantly,

"Frank, I will take wine with you!"

"I drink wine only with gentlemen," he answered in a haughty and most insulting tone.

I was thunderstruck. Every eye was turned upon us! In reply I threw my wine into his face and sent the glass after it. Every man sprang to his feet. My antagonist drew his dirk and leaped across the table. He was seized and disarmed. I did not draw. A terrible feeling rushed upon me. It was the idea that his insulting words had some connection with a knowledge of the mystery hanging around my infancy. I was rendered almost insensible at the thought. The excitement was very great among the young men. All condemned him and acquitted me; while they demanded of him his reason for using such language.

"He is no gentleman, I repeat," was the answer of the incensed young midshipman.

"You must prove all this or fight him," said one.

There was a loud murmur of surprise and every eye rested full on me! I stood silent and pale as death. I felt that the curse of my destiny had followed me. Seeing I did not speak—for I could not, my limbs and tongue were paralysed!—The cold sweat stood in large drops upon my forehead. My emotion was witnessed by all. It confirmed my degradation.

"You see he does not deny it!" said the midshipman with scornful exultation. "I happened to be a school-fellow of Russel Carryl, a young fellow now in New Orleans, and to day I got a letter from him, in which he states that he knew Darwell when a boy that he was then notoriously known to be the illegitimate son of a woman Darwell who kept an Inn. He says he wrote to me, seeing by the papers that I was here a candidate for 'passing' and Darwell's name also; and supposing this gentleman might possibly try to cultivate the intimacy of respectable people he put me on my guard."

On hearing this there was a general burst of indignation. Every eye was fixed upon me with menace.

"Infamous," said one.

"Degrading to the navy," cried a second.

"He deserves to be broke for his audacity in getting into the service!" cried another.

"Can this tale possibly be true?" asked a fine young officer approaching me with a look of surprise and sympathy.

"It is false," I cried, instantly aroused and my whole spirit kindling. "He who asserts is a liar and a ruffian!"

"I assert," retorted my antagonist.

"Then are you liar and a ruffian?" I answered calmly but firmly. The young man became pale as marble.

"You must fight him," said several. "You cannot pass this by."

"I will not fight a degraded fellow like that!"

"Then defend yourself, coward," I cried, ad-

vancing upon him with my dagger, for I was beside myself with anger.

A circle was opened for us and for several moments we fought with our daggers, giving and receiving wounds. At length he fell! I felt my arm taken by the friendly midshipman and his voice in my ear.

"Fly! You have slain him!"

[To be Continued.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

THE RETURN.

It was at the close of a beautiful day in summer, that a solitary traveler might have been seen wending his way through the quiet village of N—, his countenance was bronzed by the heat of a tropical climate, and his garb betokened him a wanderer from a foreign land. No one knew him, for many years had passed away, since he had left his childhood's home. He was weary and travel-worn and he sat down to rest beneath the broad branches of a majestic elm, that skirted the road-side—many thoughts came rushing through his mind, as he recalled the days of his youth; when he was a happy boy, whose laugh rang out so wild and free among his companions, as they indulged in their childish sports, on yonder village green; but many changes had he experienced since then. He grew up a wilful and disobedient son, and through the persuasions of a companion, secretly left his home without the advice of an indulgent father, or the blessing of an affectionate mother, to encounter the many perils of a Sailor's life; shipwreck and suffering had been his lot in a distant land, far from kindred ties, without a friend to console him in the dark hour of adversity, it was then he could have appreciated the blessings of home and a mother's love.

Time passed, and with its flight came repentance, like the prodigal's son, he resolved to return to his father's house and ask forgiveness, and now he had got most there—yonder poplars point out my long lost home, and will they receive their erring son and restore him to their former love—tears gushed unbidden from his eyes at the thought. Twilight gathers around and he pursues his way, he reaches the well-remembered gate and enters the enclosure, all is silence around and he noiselessly enters the house—the family are bowed in prayer—the aged father raises his hands in supplication and prays for an absent son, far distant from them—that he might return and be forgiven; yes, he lived in their remembrance. It was a happy meeting, and I will only add that peace and happiness have been restored to the aged parents, with their son's return.

Nelson, N. Y. 1845.

E. H. H.

PROCEAET.

THE HON. JOSEPH STORY.

THE HON. JOSEPH STORY, was born in Marblehead, in 1779, and was the eldest child of Dr. Elisha Story, by his second marriage. By the early death of his father he sustained the parental relation to the numerous junior members of his family, and was the stay and staff of his aged mother, who still survives him in a vigorous old age and with an unimpaired intellect.

Judge Story entered College in his sixteenth year and graduated in 1798. While there he studied sixteen hours a day, leaving only eight

hours of sleep and exercise.—This incessant labor shook his constitution, and through life he has been often subject to attacks similar to that which caused his last sickness. In 1801 he commenced the practice of law in Salem, and in a very short time was so successful that his practice was more lucrative than that of any gentleman of his profession who preceded or has followed him.

Judge Story was elected a Representative from Salem in 1806, and Member of Congress from that district in 1808. He declined a re-election, and at January session, 1811, he was chosen Speaker of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, in place of Hon. Perez Morton, who had been appointed Attorney General. In May, 1811, he was re-elected Speaker, and in the subsequent October he was appointed to the office he held at his death, in place of Judge Cushing—the office having been previously offered to John Quincy Adams, Gov. Lincoln, and one or two others. When Judge Story was elected Speaker, there was a strong effort to put another gentleman in his place, and Judge S. succeeded by a small majority in the meeting of his party—his successful exertions in repealing the embargo and increasing the salary of Judges of the Supreme Court, having caused his political orthodoxy to be suspected. In the office of speaker, Judge S. was most distinguished. No political opponent ever questioned the perfect fairness of Judge S. or President Quincy, whilst they held respectively the Speaker's office. Neither of them, in the discharge of their duties, ever swerved from the strictest impartiality.

The distinguished ability which Judge S. evinced as Speaker, brought him forward as a candidate for the vacant Judgeship, although then but thirty-two years of age. And notwithstanding the unfriendly feelings of Mr. Jefferson, President Madison appointed him, he being strongly recommended by Gen. Dearborn, Gen. Varnum, Dr. Hill, and the Fathers of the Democratic party. No one will now question the propriety of this appointment, for no man has ever filled the Judicial office with greater reputation.

From the moment of Judge Story's appointment he religiously determined that his ermine should be unsullied; and though he firmly maintained his opinions, still he never afterwards mingled in the conflicts of party. Standing as he did, the most signal injustice was done when, on the decease of Judge Marshal, a new man, every way his inferior, was placed in the office of Chief Justice. But during that period no man who did not swear fealty to the idol of the day, could obtain office.

Judge Story was married to a daughter of the Rev. Daniel Oliver, who died within a year of her marriage. He afterwards married the daughter of Judge William Wetmore, the present Mrs. Story. Their family has been very numerous, but most of them died in infancy, and only two children survive—his son, an attorney in Boston, and his daughter, married to another gentleman of that profession.

Judge Story was one of the most industrious and laborious writers that ever lived. Early in life he indulged in poetry and light literature; but his principal writings have been in his profession, and they alone are so voluminous as to constitute a library of themselves.

Judge Story was always an able financier, and from the incorporation of the Merchants' Bank he was a Director, and for many years President;

and under his advice it became a model Bank. He has left a larger fortune than any other lawyer in New England ever acquired from his profession, notwithstanding he was most liberal and munificent in his benefactions.

In his family relations his attachments were most ardent. In his religious belief he had the same ardor which marked his other relations, though liberal and tolerant to all other sects.

In the Convention of 1820 which amended the Constitution of Massachusetts, he was probably the most influential member; he left Salem for his last residence in 1829. He was a most ardent and zealous politician before he became Judge, and carried into the field of politics the same ardor which marked his character in all the other relations of life.

In nothing did Judge Story more excel, than in his social powers. Possessed of an exhaustless affluence of language, he could clothe his ideas with a fuller drapery than any other cotemporary. His mouth was a perennial spring, and from his lips there was a continuous gush of social eloquence. He was the delight of the social circle, and breathed around him an atmosphere of sociality perfectly resistless. For a quarter of a century he was a member of a social club of a dozen members of his political friends; this club met every week at each other's residence, all strangers being invited to enjoy their hospitalities. Here every public measure was discussed, and from these discussions arose those measures which placed Massachusetts in the hands of the Republican party, and afterwards by a union of parties, placed at the head of the nation that accomplished and upright statesman, John Q. Adams. Judge Story was the life and soul of this circle.

By a well directed exertion of his influence and advice, the Law School at Cambridge, of which he was the head, was formed. The existence and unrivalled prosperity of this school is mainly to be attributed to Judge Story. This school at present contain 180 students.

When the Republican party came into power in 1810, a committee of twenty one, of which Judge Story and two other gentlemen of this county were members, the subject of measures and men was submitted, and they most magnanimously determined that, whilst means should be taken to introduce various reforms, no party proscription should take place; that upon all tribunals each party shall be fairly represented. If by ill advice this course was in some instances deviated from, neither Judge Story nor his friends are responsible, for he and they always held that the public was best served by keeping in office those of proven fidelity.

In whatever light we view the character of Judge Story, we find him generous, beneficent, patriotic, honest in every trust, indefatigable in every duty.

He died in Cambridge, Mass. on Wednesday the 10th of September, 1845, of strangulation of the bowels, aged 65 years.

MISCELLANY.

MORAL COURAGE IN EVERY-DAY LIFE.

HAVE the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket. Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much you may admire it. Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so; and to hold your tongue when it is better that you should be silent. Have the courage to speak to a friend in a "seedy" coat, even in the

street, and when a rich one is nigh; the effort is less than many people take it to be, and the act is worthy a king. Have the courage to set down every penny you spend, and add it up weekly. Have the courage to pass your host's lackey at the door, without giving him a shilling, when you know you cannot afford it—and what is more, that the man has not earned it. Have the courage to own that you are poor, and you disarm poverty of her sharpest sting. Have the courage to tell your personal defects, and the world will be deprived of that pleasure by being reminded of their own. Have the courage to admit that you have been in the wrong, and you will remove the fact from the mind of others, putting a desirable impression in the place of an unfavorable one. Have the courage to adhere to a first resolution when you cannot change it for a better, and to abandon it at the eleventh hour, upon conviction. Have the courage to acknowledge your age to a day, and to compare it with the average life of man. Have the courage to make a will, and what is more a just one. Have the courage to face a difficulty, lest it kick you harder than you bargain for; difficulties, like thieves often disappear at a glance. Have the courage to avoid accommodation bills, however badly you want money; and to decline pecuniary assistance from your dearest friend. Have the courage to shut your eyes at the prospect of large profits, and to be content with small ones. Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money; he will respect you more than if you tell him you can't. Have the courage to "cut" the most agreeable acquaintance you possess, when he convinces you that he lacks principle; a friend should bear with a friend's "infirmities"—not his vices. Have the courage to show your preference for honesty, in whatever guise it appears, and your contempt for vice surrounded by attractions. Have the courage to give occasionally, that which you can ill afford to spare; giving what you do not want nor value, neither brings nor deserves thanks in return; who is grateful for a drink of water from another's overflowing well, however delicious the draught? Have the courage to wear old garments till you can pay for new ones. Have the courage to obey your Maker, at the risk of being ridiculed by man. Have the courage to wear thick boots in winter, and insist upon your wife and daughters doing the like.

Have the courage to acknowledge ignorance of any kind; everybody will immediately doubt you, and give you more credit than any false pretensions could secure. Have the courage to prefer *propriety* to *fashion*—one is but the abuse of the other. Have the courage to listen to your wife when you should do so, and not to listen when you should not. (This applies to husbands.) Have the courage to provide a frugal dinner for a friend, whom you "delight to honor." Have the courage to throw your snuff-box in the fire, or the melt-pot; to pass a tobaccoist's shop; and to decline the use of a friend's box, or even one pinch. Have the courage to be independent if you can, and act independently when you may.

WHAT WILL RICHES DO.

THE more experience we have of the world, the more that experience should show us how little is in the power of riches; for what indeed, truly desirable, can they bestow upon us? Can they give beauty to the deformed, strength to the weak, or health to the infirm? Surely if they could, we

should not see so many ill-favored faces haunting the assemblies of the great, nor would such numbers of feeble wretches languish in their coaches or mansions. Can they prolong their own possession, or lengthen their days who enjoy them? So far otherwise, that the sluggard and the luxurious care which attend them shorten the lives of millions, and bring them with pain and misery to an untimely grave.—Where then is their value, if they cannot embellish nor strengthen our form, nor sweeten and prolong our lives? Again, can they adorn the mind more than the body? No; but do they not rather swell the heart with vanity, puff up the cheeks with pride, shutting up the ears to every call of compassion, and our hands to every motive of sympathy and virtue.

INDUSTRY AND INTEGRITY.

THERE is nothing possible to man which industry and integrity will not accomplish. The poor boy of yesterday, so poor that a dollar was a miracle in his own vision, houseless, shoeless, breadless, compelled to wander on foot from village to village, with his bundle on his back, in order to procure labor and means of subsistence, has become the talented and honorable young man of to-day, by the power of his good right arm, and the patient influence of pure principles, firmly held and perpetually maintained. When poverty, and what the world calls disgrace, stared him in the face, he shuddered not, but pressed onwards, and exulted most in high and great exertion in the midst of accumulated disasters and calamities. Let this man be cherished, for he honors his country and dignifies his race. High blood, what matters it if this courses not in his veins? he is a free born American, and therefore a sovereign and a prince. What cares he for that so long as his heart is pure, and his walk upright? He knows and his country knows that the little finger of an honest and upright young man, is worth more than the whole body of an effeminate rich man. These are the very men who made the country—who bring it to whatever of iron sinew or unflinching spirit it possesses or desires, and who are rendering it the mightiest land beneath the sun.

A KIND ACT.

How sweet is the remembrance of a kind act! As we rest on our pillows or rise in the morning, it gives us delight. We have performed a good deed to a poor man; we have made the widow's heart to rejoice; we have dried the orphan's tears. Sweet, O how sweet the thought! There is a luxury in remembering a kind act. A storm careers above our heads; all is black as midnight; but the sunshine is in our bosoms; the warmth is felt there. The kind act rejoiceth the heart and giveth delight inexpressible. Who will not be kind? Who will not do good? Who will not visit those who are afflicted in body or mind? To spend an hour among the poor and depressed,

"Is worth a thousand passed
In pomp and ease—"tis present to the last."

APPEARANCES.

How many judge of a person's character by the cut of his coat, his manners and conversation, or from condition in which he is placed. A person well dressed is supposed to possess a good mind and a virtuous heart, while a man with a thread bare jacket and a patch on his knee, passes for a simpleton or a villain. Politeness and a flow of

words betoken wisdom, while bashfulness and a taciturn disposition betray folly. Dress and appearance are every thing with the world. No matter how depraved and rotten his heart may be, if a person have money, dress in the extreme of fashion, is agreeable in his conversation, and presents a fair exterior, he is received into the best circles, and is extolled and carressed, while virtuous poverty is slighted and shunned, and cast out from the society of the proud and fashionable. This is wrong. A man should be judged by his heart—his general deportment and character—and not by his outward appearance. If he is a villain in broadcloth, he should be detested as if he were dressed in homespun, and received his support from the lowest arts of deception and roguery. Let real worth be prized though clothed in humble garb.

ALL A MISTAKE.—"Vat street, is dis, sare?" asked a Frenchman of a passenger. "Watt street." "Dis street!" "Watt Street." "I say, sare, dis street!" "Well, I say, Watt street!" "Sacre! Monsieur vous est impoli. I ask you de name of dis street, and all de time you ask me 'What street?' Peste!"

COOL.—At the time of the earthquake in 1811, Major K—, was amusing himself at a game of "cuchre," in which he delighted, with some friends. The shock was at that moment so severe as to cause his friends to spring to their feet and make for the door. "Play out the hand—play out the hand!" said the Major. "Earthquake, Major! earthquake!" cried some one. "Well," was the cool advice, "let it quake you can't stop it."

THE IRISHMAN AND BOOKBINDER.—An Irish gentleman entered a bookseller's shop in Dublin, the other day, with a valuable work, which he said, was to be bound in a superior style. "And how will you have it done?" said the book-binder: "in Russia?" "In Russia? certainly not!" was the reply. "In Morocco, then?" continued the shop-keeper. "No! neither in Russia nor Morocco," rejoined the patriot; "if you can't do it here, I'll take it to the book binder over the way."

FOR-GETTING HER.—"Peter, I fear you are forgetting me," said a bright eyed girl to her sweetheart, the other day. "Yes, Deb, I have been for getting you these two years."

"SAM do you know any songs?" "Yes I know two." "What are they, Sam?" "One's Old Hundred, and tother ain't."

Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1845.

ANTI-RENT.

SINCE the date of our last issue, SMITH A. BOUGHTON, alias "Big Thunder," who has been on trial in our city for the last three or four weeks has been found guilty by the Court before which he was tried, of the offence with which he was charged, viz: Robbing the Sheriff of his papers, and forcibly preventing that officer from discharging his duty, at Copake, in the month of December last. A. L. Jordan, Esq. of New-York, was engaged as counsel for the Prisoner, and John Van Buren, Esq. Attorney General, and the District Attorney, conducted the cause on the part of the prosecution. The Jury

found the Prisoner guilty, and he was sentenced to imprisonment for the term of his natural life in the Clinton County Prison. On the prisoner's being asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him, he arose, and briefly stated, that he had done nothing which he considered a crime, but the Court had seen fit to convict him, and he must submit to its decision. During his stay in the city, after his sentence, his time was, agreeable to his request, spent with his family, and on Tuesday night of last week, he left in the custody of the Sheriff for Prison.

IN consequence of the length of our Biographical notice of the late Judge Story, and also of the large portion given of "The Silver Bottle" in the present number, we have been compelled to omit the plate which we had intended for this number. We shall endeavor in future to give our readers the usual variety.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

A. H. J. South Egremont, Ms. \$3.00; H. M. Black Brook, N. Y. \$4.00; J. W. Sharon, Vt. \$1.00; H. M. Black Brook, N. Y. \$1.50; J. B. F. Rhinebeck, N. Y. \$5.00; J. C. T. Fulton, N. Y. \$30.00; C. D. H. Tioga Centre, N. Y. \$2.00; G. A. F. Little Falls, N. Y. \$9.00; H. D. Cortland Village, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. H. Maple Grove, N. Y. \$1.00; E. D. Hillsdale, N. Y. \$3.00; J. P. D. Milford, Pa. \$1.00; T. S. Fort Edward, N. Y. \$1.00; B. C. B. Fayetteville, N. Y. \$5.00; W. H. W. Elizabethtown, \$3.00; P. M. Quaker Street, N. Y. \$7.00; P. M. East Kill, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Pompey Centre, N. Y. \$3.00; J. V. S. Claverack, N. Y. \$1.50; S. K. N. New Marlboro', Ms. \$0.50; W. M. B. Ghent, N. Y. \$2.00; E. A. B. Benton, N. Y. \$1.00; J. C. C. Fort Hamilton, N. Y. \$3.00; H. B. East Dorset, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. E. Arcadia, N. Y. \$3.00; P. W. Lawrenceville, N. Y. \$1.00; H. G. P. Monroe, Mass. \$1.00.



BOUND
In Hymen's sacred bands.



In this city, by the Rev. Dr. Gosman, Mr. Robert H. Tompkins, to Nancy Collins, both of this city.

At Chatham 4 Corners, on the 20th ult. by the Rev. E. S. Porter, Mr. Joel Willard, to Miss Mary Smith, all of the above village.

By the same, on the 25th ult. Mr. Bethuel Millsbaugh, of Schoharie, to Miss Caroline Sophia, elder daughter of Silas Camp, Esq. of the town of Kinderhook.

At Pine Plains, on the 20th ult. by the Rev. William N. Sayre, Mr. Eli Bliss, to Miss Charity Bryant, both of Aenram. On Wednesday evening, the 17th ult. by the Rev. John Syes, Mr. Benjamin F. Butler, to Miss Harriet A. daughter of John S. Hiscox, both of New-York city.

In New-York, on Sunday the 21st ult. at St. Clement's Church, by the Rev. Dr. Mead, Mr. Cyrus B. Shaw, of New-York, to Miss Rachel Eliza Wight, eldest daughter of Mr. William Wight, of Stockport.

At Greenville, Greene Co. on the 4th inst. by the Rev. Peter Prink, Mr. Edwin R. Prink, to Miss Ellen Brando, all of Greenville.



LOOSE
From the fetters of Earth.



In this city, on the 6th inst. Nancy Decker, in her 49th year. On the 24th ult. Lydia Coffin, widow of the late Charles H. Coffin of this city, in the 55th year of her age.

On the 15th ult. Sarah Perry, in her 52d year.

On the 19th ult. infant child of J. C. and C. Burger.

On the 22d ult. George son of Elijah and Harriet Kennicut, aged 2 months and 11 days.

In New-York, at the Carlton House, at half past 7 o'clock, Monday morning, Sept. 15, James Benson, Esq. aged 45 years and 5 months, of the firm of Benson & Hodges, keepers of that hotel.

This death will be deeply lamented by a large portion of the public who have been acquainted with him, in the establishment lately in his charge, and for twelve years previous in the steamboats Saratoga, North America and Erie, which he commanded from 1827 to 1839 with distinguished success, and to the perfect satisfaction of all who came in contact with him in those responsible and arduous positions. His kind attentions to those under his charge, travellers, strangers and unprotected females, and his benevolent activity in behalf of all who needed assistance or information, will be long gratefully remembered by thousands. In the duties of his station he was unsurpassed for courtesy, fidelity and careful regard of the safety and comfort of passengers. During all his long term of service as a steamboat commander, no serious accident occurred, and no life was ever lost by casualty in any vessel under his charge. As a host, he was ever polite and attentive; and to the sick and unfortunate stranger, his services were always rendered with a peculiar kindness and devotion.

In the domestic relations he was most faithful and exemplary. As a husband and father, he was a model of pure affection and watchful kindness; and to the family so sadly bereaved by his death, nothing can repair the loss. No comforter but time can assuage the deep and distressing grief which it occasions.

His strength has been failing by a gradual decay for some months; and two weeks previous his death, his weakness confined him to his room, where he rapidly sunk to the premature close of a remarkably temperate, virtuous and useful life.

Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.
LINES ADDRESSED TO A GRAND-DAUGHTER.
BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

SPARK of immortality,
From oblivion's slumbers sprung,
Little miniature of her,
Who in her infant beauty hung,
Around my neck a cherub bright,
Gladdening every breath I drew,
Lovely as the sun's first light,
Pure as morning's crystal dew.

Little precious stranger born,
In a world of sin and care;
May each grace thy brow adorn,
Thy brow so beautiful and fair.
Little bud of beauty rest,
On thy mother's faithful breast.

Herself, a full-blown flower of love,
Takes thee to her neck of snow,
Angels, in the courts above,
Register her anguished vow.
Write on tablets, firm and sure,
A vow which ever shall endure.

Rest, my darling baby rest,
Eyes so blue, and face so sweet;
Where, but on a mother's breast,
Should such love and beauty meet?
She, who drank thy earliest sigh;
Hails thy immortality.

Sag Harbor, L. I. 1845.

For the Rural Repository.
AUTUMNAL DOINGS.

BY E. W. REYNOLDS.

THE bleak winds of Autumn are sweeping the plain,
And the bloom on the verdure is seen no again;
The leaves of the forest grow yellow and sear,
And all things betoken the close of the year.

The Farmer has gathered together his wealth—
His cheeks are all crimson and ruddy with health—
And now with gay whistle he turns up the soil,
For abundance rewards him for every toil.

While commerce is floating abroad on the sea,
To gladden the hearts of the noble and free;
The wind's blowing fair, and the sails are set fast,
And the "Look out" announces the harbor at last.

The merchant is striding, with step light and quick,
To purchase his trinkets a six month on tick;
And now he announces to customers all,
A first rate assortment, inviting to call.

The shoe maker too, with his lapstone in hand—
A blithe, happy fellow—is taking his stand;
His work is all polished and warranted well—
He's plenty on hand, and is anxious to sell.

The blacksmith is wielding his hammer and tongs,
And singing so merry, nor dreaming of wrongs;
His anvil's more glorious than crown of a king—
His forge has more riches than India can bring!

The printer is hand'ling his "copy" "and press,"—
Though hard be his labor, he's happy no less,
For he's blessing alike the wealthy and poor
In sending a paper to every man's door.

The man rich in learning is wielding his quill,
The fruit of his study abroad to distil;
So give him a penny who has it to spare—
He's giving you treasures both precious and rare.

So now to you all be peace, plenty and love,
Till the call of departure hath sped from above;
Where Autumn shall never e'en wither one flower,
Implanted on high, in an heavenly bower.

Cuba, Allegany Co. N. Y. 1845.

For the Rural Repository.
TO THE ST. LAWRENCE.

BY WM. RUSSELL, JR.

OUR gallant barque along the wave
Speeds proudly on her way,
And brightly 'mid the isles of green
The lingering sunbeams play;
Each trembling leaf and swaying bough
Is bathed in golden light,
But o'er the waters stealing slow
I see the robes of night.

Along thy breast yon light canoe
Now, as of yore, doth glide,
But years have passed since I have gazed
Upon thy restless tide.

Blithe by thy banks of fairy green
I wandered when a boy,
And now I bless thee in my pride
With all my childhood's joy.

Yon gentle moon rides bright above,
And lights each leaf-locked bower,
And now, I feel, too deeply feel,
Fond memory's magic power;
And many a gentle wave I loved
Falls on my startled ear,
And rings my bosom's secret chords
With hallowed music dear.

The cold, calm gaze I only meet—
I am forgotten now!

But wearied care has deeply traced
Its furrows on my brow;

Stern sorrow prowls my heart within,
Her course I cannot stay,
And oh! I cannot curse the world
Because they turn away!

But other ties than memories dear
Cling round my aching heart—
A noble friend is at my side

With whom I ne'er would part;
His smile has been my deepest joy
In every passing hour,

Nor time, nor tide, shall e'er dissolve
Firm friendship's bond and power.

Flow on thou mighty stream, till earth
And time shall be no more!

An hundred barques thy azure waves
In majesty sweep o'er!

Thy curling waves I cannot see
Now, in the fading light,

And as I linger turn away
My fond lips breathe "Good night!"

On the St. Lawrence, 1845.

For the Rural Repository.

THE MAIDEN'S LAST SONG.

'Twas a beautiful evening in soft sunny June,
As I musingly strolled without purpose along,

The landscape was lovely and bright shone the moon
As a low voice all music broke forth in this song.

"He came to our cottage all sick and alone,
For his wearied form claimed a night of repose;
And that eye once so bright, now but languidly shone,
And faded that cheek, erst the hue of the rose.

"I bent o'er his pillow, I watched by his side,
I smoothed the dark curls from his fevered brow,
And turned away often my warm tears to hide,
For I felt that I loved the sick wanderer now.

"But love came too late his victim to save
For he kissed me and smiled—and his pure spirit fled,
And left me to pine for a part of his grave—
O, Albert, I'm coming!"—She paused—she was dead!

Fandalia, Ill, Sept. 1845.

For the Rural Repository.

IMPROMPTU TO MISS MARY ANN.

ASK not to die, the floweret,
That blossoms by the running stream,
Is not more free from blot or taint
Or wakes in me a holier dream.

ASK not to die, thou art too fair,
Too bright, arrayed in beauty's bloom
To lie beneath the coffin's lid,
And moulder in the dreary tomb.

ASK not to die, impurity,
Thy false one's guile, his bitter sting
Should ne'er molest thy happiness,
Or from thy heart, its pleasures wring.

ASK not to die, though he a fiend,
Who won thy pure confiding heart,
Be blithe, be gay, and oh! I pray,
Let not the bitter tear-drop start.

ASK not to die, if thou hast been
The victim of a villain's art,
Send up to God a fervent prayer,
And he will heal thy bleeding heart. J. G. S.
Claverack, N. Y. 1845.

The oldest Literary Paper in the United States.

RURAL REPOSITORY

Vol. 22, Commencing Sept. 13, 1845.

EMBELLISHED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

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The character and design of the Rural Repository being so generally known, it would seem almost superfluous to offer any thing further; but, we are induced to submit to the public two paragraphs containing condensed extracts from notices of the "Repository," published in various Journals, throughout the United States, in the room of praising ourselves as some are under the necessity of doing.

"The 'Rural Repository' is a neat and elegant semi-monthly Periodical, published in the City of Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. and which we believe is the oldest literary paper in the United States; and while it has made no very great pretensions to public favor, it is far better than those publications who boast long and loud of their claims to public patronage. Amid the fluctuations of the world, and the ups and downs of the periodical press, for nearly a score of years this little miscellany has pursued 'the even tenor of its way,' scattering its sweets around, and increasing in interest and popularity, and our readers will, of course, infer, that if it had no merit it would have shuffled off this mortal coil 'long time ago.'

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WILLIAM B. STODDARD,
Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1845.

Our EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a notice, and receive Subscriptions.